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LUCY CARROLL.

A Tale of the West.

BY MRS. MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER VIII.

AND now there came a change. The very day after the conversation which we have detailed, little Charley, the plaything and idol of them all, was taken violently ill. He had every symptom of a dangerous fever, and those symptoms grew worse hour after hour, and day after day, till finally all other feelings were swallowed up by that of intense anxiety for the life of the beautiful boy.—The now anxious mother appeared to have lost all her selfishness and irritability. Day and night she watched beside the couch of her only child; and who can tell the thoughts

that were now rushing into her brain and searching every corner of her awakened soul? As in a faithful mirror, she saw all the years of her troubled life. Above all, it was agony to think that her boy might die without having ever known, in any proper or national degree, a mother's love or care.

As a legitimate consequence of the softened state of her feelings, she became kind to all around her. As all her former fretfulness and discontent passed in review before her, she almost loathed herself, and prayed to be forgiven. Often, too, were her beautiful eyes suffused with grateful tears as she marked the lightend

tread, the anxious sympathizing countenance, and the tender watchfulness of each one who came near her dying child. A total change came over her spirit. Affliction was doing its appointed work. She became patient, selfsacrificing, thoughtful of others, forgetful of self. The afflicted father was happier than he had been for years, for there are worse trials in this life than those inflicted by the hand of death. The little sufferer, too, evidently remarked the change in his mother, and the sympathetic chord which would naturally draw him to that mother's breast, now, while mortal anguish racked his frame, vibrated in his bosom with a sweet and tremulous motion, such as he had never felt before. Much as he loved his father and his cousin Lucy, his mother was now to him all in all, for this exchange of mutual affection was as delightful as it was new. Apart from the natural, intense, and instinctive love between mother and child, little Charley felt to his heart's core that he had gained a friend of no ordinary stamp; for Mrs. Carroll needed only this last change to make her truly but little lower than the angels. Often would the sick boy stretch out his little arms, and, when she would clasp him fondly to her breast, he would fix his dove-like eyes upon her face, and nestle closely in her bosom, as though he had found a long lost home. Then, after one of those protracted and earnest looks into his mother's face, he would cast glances of satisfaction on each of the little company who were gazing with tearful gratitude upon the scene.

Little Charley grew worse and

worse, and at length all hopes of his life were abandoned. Though the family had sojourned in the village but a short time, they had been there long enough for little Charley to win the hearts of all, and now it was really affecting to see among them indications of the deepest feeling; to hear the whispered regrets, to notice the starting tear and the smothered sigh; one would scarcely have thought it was a little child whose illness had created such a great sensation.

When the doctor announced to Mrs. Carroll that he feared her beautiful boy must die, she bowed her head silently for a few moments, and then suddenly throwing her arms round her husband's neck, wept long and freely. As soon as she could speak, she exclaimed, in a voice broken by sobs, "Oh, my Father! if it be possible—if it be possible—let this cup pass from me! nevertheless," she added, once more burying her head in her husband's bosom, "not my will, but Thine, be done!"

And then, taking both of little Charley's hands in hers, she called upon all to witness her solemn vow to live no longer for herself, but for God, and for her fellow creatures; and she asked forgiveness, first of her Heavenly Father, then of her husband, of Lucy, and of all around her. It was useless to try to stop her, she would not be interrupted. Then, sinking, on her knees beside the bed of the insensible child, she exclaimed, "Oh, thou strengthener of the weak-hearted, grant me grace to live for thee, and to love all men, and to renounce myself! I ask it in

the Redeemer's name!" She was in earnest, and her prayer was heard.

She rose from her knees, imprinted a convulsive kiss upon little Charley's dying lips, and said, "And you too, my little Charley, I feel that you love me now at last.—Yes, I can give you up now, my beautiful boy. God's will be done." Just then the child revived, raised his feeble hands, and clasped them slowly together over his mother's neck, and they remained thus for some time, their lips glued together, as it were.

All present were deeply affected. Lucy had for some time been kneeling at the bedside, her face buried in her hands. Frederic, by an irresistible impulse, stole softly to the spot and sunk upon his knees beside her, throwing his arms, as he did so, around her waist. She raised her head, looked mournfully in his face, but did not repulse him; and thus they continued to kneel together. The sick child, who was now aroused, saw his cousin's face when she raised it, and seeing that she was kneeling, thought, very naturally, about his prayers; for he and his cousin were accustomed to kneel together every night and morning. He looked at her with a languid smile, and called her name. Again she looked up, and Charley said, "You say Our Father, cousin Lucy, Charley is too sick." But poor Lucy could only bury her head the deeper in the bed clothes, to endeavor to stifle her sobs. Looking then at Frederic, he said, "You pray then, Mr. Frederic; Charley wants to say his prayers, but he is too sick."

Thus appealed to, Frederic, in a

tone of the deepest solemnity, repeated the Lord's prayer; while Charley clasped his thin hands together, and whispered after him every word. When the Lord's prayer was ended, Frederic continued, and offered up, from memory—for it was written on his heart—the beautiful prayer for a sick child, which is to be found in the Prayer Book, in the order for the visitation of the sick. As this prayer was not familiar to the child, he closed his eyes, and lay with his hands clasped upon his breast.—Then Frederic repeated the prayer for a person at the point of departure; and, when they all rose from their knees, the little fellow lay so still and deathlike, that they thought his spirit had indeed taken its flight while they were solemnly commending it to God.

Major Carroll and his wife looked at each other with an enquiring and fearful expression; but both seemed afraid to touch the child, lest they should receive a confirmation of their fears; and so it is with all of them, they looked in each other's faces with an enquiring gaze, and all stood motionless. But the doctor, who had retired to a window to conceal his unusual emotions now came forward. He felt the child's forehead, put his ear down to his lips, and then felt his pulse. All were eagerly watching the doctor's countenance. He turned round, took Mrs. Carroll by the arm, and led her away. She, supposing this a delicate way of telling her that all was over, was about to resist him and throw herself upon the body of the child; but her husband, noticing a peculiar expression in the doctor's

face, said gently, yet firmly, to his wife, "Let us go with the doctor."

He led her into an adjoining room and there announced the joyful tidings that the child had fallen into a peaceful and natural sleep, and that he was not without hope that he might recover. "But my dear madam," said he, "it will be a miracle; you must be very careful; he must not be disturbed; any drawback now, and he is gone." Thus admonished and warned, Mrs Carroll had sufficient self-command to restrain her feelings, and only wept silent tears of gratitude on her husband's bosom.

The group around the bedside had begun to suspect the truth, and were whispering their hopes to each other, but still they dared not touch the child. The doctor soon returned, however, and gladdened their hearts likewise. Yes, it was even so. The glorious boy was yet to cheer them on their road to a brighter world. Gradually, yet surely, he recovered strength, and deep and glowing was the gratitude dwelling in every heart.

Mrs. Carroll was henceforth an altered being. Now she was loveliness itself, shewing to all around her the beauty of a meek and quiet spirit; and she moved amid that happy circle bestowing looks, and words, and deeds of kindness, with a grace that was peculiarly her own. As for Major Carroll, we will not attempt to portray his happiness.

Frederic too, was changed. No longer a merely speculative believer in the truths of the gospel, he had learned to yield his heart to its dictates; and his sister thought, as she gazed into his truthful eyes, now lighted up with an expression of gen-

uine devotion, that she had but one single wish ungratified; and that wish, she sagely prophesied, would soon be fulfilled.

One pleasant afternoon when Charley had quite recovered, the whole party sallied forth for a walk. Frederic requested the privilege of carrying Charley in his arms; and, as he offered an arm to Lucy, Major Carroll archly advised them to watch the clouds a little. "Well," said Frederic, with a conscious smile. "I propose that you three take the lead, then we shall certainly be on the safe side, the side nearest home."

The trio passed on accordingly, and soon left the other party far behind them. No one knew with certainty the exact nature of their conversation, but after that walk there was an expression of quiet happiness upon their faces which would predominate in spite of their industrious efforts to appear as if nothing had happened.

And there were moonlight walks, and low toned voices; and, when the next moonlight evenings came, Lucy was certainly heard to address Miss Gordon as "Sister Mary," and Charley was making "Cousin Frederic" promise that he would never carry away his dear Cousin Lucy.

Major Carroll also remarked to Lucy, as he saw her leaning fondly on her husband's arm, that her father's dying faith had not been put to shame, that his dying prayer for her had certainly been heard.

[THE END.]

Lay up treasures in the mind—an empty head is the devil's workshop.

James G. Percival.

This is not the first time that precocious intellect has evinced its peculiar bent—has preferred Shakespeare and Milton to Virgil and Horace, and instead of following the routine of proscribed tasks by digging into Latin or Greek roots, has chosen to indulge its own fancies and pen English stanzas. The latter we believe to have been the early course of Percival, to an uncommon extent. The observation we have cited above respecting the want of specific study, is the more remarkable as made respecting him who afterwards became eminent in almost every branch of learning. The circumstance that excellence in a particular department is sometimes an after growth, is illustrated by the well known anecdote related of Daniel Webster, who, on his first attempt at declamation as a school exercise, to his own mortification and disappointment failed utterly in the performance, and was encouraged only by the friendly voice of the instructor to renew the effort. This was the history of one, who became in later years the illustrious orator and eloquent defender of the constitution. Certain it is, in the instance of Percival, the seed sown fell at length into no unproductive soil, the fruits of which, as the result of unwearied and successful culture, were afterwards given to the world, in the most finished of his productions—the “Classic Melodies.” The truth seems to be, what has already been referred to, he was receiving an edu-

cation from the scenes of nature around him, and from the circumstances in which he was placed in life, higher than that to be derived from any human teachers. In relation to his peculiar temperament, the teacher above quoted goes on to remark: “In this delicacy of mind lies the secret of that ascetic character which grew upon him all the way—which made him shrink from the roughness of a rushing world—which made him appear as if he had become disgusted with human society—which notwithstanding the exquisite tenderness of his works, gave a cynical tinge to some of his poetry, which sometimes drove him almost to desperation; which was worthy to awaken the tenderest sympathy of all his acquaintance, instead of bringing upon him the reproach of eccentricity that he could so ill bear, augmenting the disease of his soul continually as he passed on, and which finally, as I feel, urged him out of life.”

Another circumstance which had by far a more important influence upon him, in determining the character of his career, may be mentioned here. Different versions have been erroneous; perhaps it is not possible at present to ascertain the whole truth in the matter. Delicacy in regard to the living might incline us to withhold our pen; as, however, it has already appeared in print, a brief allusion to it seems necessary as an

elucidation of what was mysterious in Percival's history.

A writer in the North British Review, in a notice of Wordsworth, remarks as follows: "In the life of every man distinguished for what is called intensity of character, there will certainly be found some sore biographical circumstance—some fact deeper and more momentous than all the rest—some strictly historical source of melancholy, that must be discovered and investigated, if we would comprehend his ways. Man comes into the world regardless and unformed; and, although, in his gradual progress through it he necessarily acquires, by the mere use of his senses, and by communication with others, a multitudinous store of impressions and convictions, yet, if there is to be anything specific and original in his life, this, it would seem can only be produced by the operation upon him of some one overbearing accident or event, that, rousing him to new wakefulness, and evoking all that is latent in his nature, shall bind those impressions and convictions in a mass together, breathe through them the stern element of personal concern, and impart to them its seal and pressure. The experiences that most commonly perform this great function in the lives of men are those of friendship and love. The power of love to rouse men to large and more fervid views of nature has been celebrated since the beginning of time. A man that has once undergone love's sorrow in any extreme degree is by that fact reduced at once and for ever to the melancholy side of things; he becomes alive to the gloomy in nature and to

the miserable in life; and by one stupendous resumption, as it were, of stars, clouds, trees, and flowers into his pained being, like an old coinage requiring re-issue, he realizes how it is that all creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." What was not true of Wordsworth was true of Percival. The following account of the incident referred to in the life of Percival, we take from the Editor's Table of the Knickerbrocker, quoting it rather for the sake of correcting some of what we deem to be its erroneous statements, by the insertion of an account from another pen, than as endorsing the authenticity of the entire narrative. "Percival still possessed one chord of feeling which had as yet found no sympathy with an outward manifestation of beauty. The tenderest yearning of his heart was still unsatisfied. His ruling passion still slumbered, like a locked and wave-covered pearl in its briny bed. He fitted for college with his village pastor, and while pursuing his studies become the victim of an attachment that proved the bane of his life. The object of his budding desires was the daughter of his venerable teacher. * * The fascination of her presence quickly won him from his common thoughts and his common joys. * * But his love was timid and tender as a violet which the sun at first dazzles and gladdens, afterward withers and dries up. Yet he loved her passionately, utterly, worshipingly. In the still and holy night he marked the star that she gazed upon and made it the cynosure of his heart's idolatry. He followed her to the grove that she

haunted and there mingled the sobs of his passion with the sighing of the winds. He found out her secret glen, and her grot, and privily festooned the one with the richest flowers that gemed the other. But did he reveal his passion? No; not he. Did he not breathe it to the one he loved? Not even to her. He hoarded it up in his sealed and silent bosom, trembling like a captive dove, even when he named it to his own thoughts."

The following, in regard to which we place great confidence, seems to be a more satisfactory account of this passage in the poet's life. "About this time he was frequently in the society of a beautiful and accomplished young lady in the neighborhood; he botanized with her in the fields, and poetized with her in the library, and at last thought himself in love. Months thus ran pleasantly on, when one day he made up his mind to give her a slight hint of his condition. He did so, I believe, in verse. The lady replied in plain prose, that she was engaged, and speedily to be married! The poet came to the conclusion that this was a deceitful world, and wrote Byronic verses."

The young lady, the reputed object of his affection, as we have good reason to believe, was not the daughter of his village pastor; and though like Burns's Highland Mary, she may live in the strains of his poetry, it would seem that she is little accountable for the effect produced on him, by her acceptance of the hand of another, in fulfilling her engagement.

Percival graduated from Yale Col-

lege 1815, and was distinguished at this period for his scholarship and poetical composition. In a desponding state of mind occasioned by the disappointment of his life-hope, he hurried to the South; and there, doubtless, sought the excitements and the interest of new scenes to expel the gloom within. Whether it was owing to this circumstance, or to the peculiar sensitiveness of his organization, or to the influence of circumstances around him, or to all these combined, Percival thenceforth shunned female society, and continued an ascetic to the end of his life. He was never married.

In 1820, the degree of M. D. was conferred upon him, but he manifested little desire to pursue Medicine as a profession. His taste and his destiny led him chiefly to the cultivation of literary and scientific pursuits. Before this period he had acquired a degree of celebrity, unusual for one so young, by the production of several poems, the earliest of which appears to have been written when he was seventeen years old. Among these poems, is included "Zamor," a tragedy, composed as an exercise for Commencement at college and spoken on the stage, and afterwards published in a revised form. The volume which contains this drama and several other pieces, among which was the first part of "Prometheus," appeared in 1820. This was followed in 1822 by the first number of a series of poems entitled "Clio." At a somewhat later period appeared a second number of Clio, as also "Prometheus," in a second part—the longest of his poetical works. A large octavo volume, containing his

select pieces, was published in New York in 1824, and afterwards was republished in London. In 1824, Dr. Percival received the appointment of Professor of chemistry in the Military Academy at West Point, and subsequently he held the office of surgeon in the United States army at Boston. But this mode of life was so little congenial to his taste, that he soon abandoned it, and devoted himself to the more quiet pursuits of the poet and scholar. His sensitiveness so gained upon him at this period as to lead him, for the most part to shrink from public duties and to decline active employments. While in Boston he edited a work entitled "Elegant Extracts," which consisted both of prose and verse. For this service he was liberally rewarded by a gentleman of that city. Dr. Percival by his regular and acceptable contributions to the poetical department of the Boston Literary Gazette, added materially to his fame as a poet. In 1825, he was appointed to deliver a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at New Haven, which was an acceptable offering to the lovers of poetry. He had previously delivered before the same society (September 10th, 1822,) an oration on "Some of the Moral and Political Truths to be derived from the Study of History."

In 1827, Dr. Percival was employed to assist in the revision of the manuscript of Webster's large dictionary, and not long after this he published a translation of Malte Brun's geography. In 1835, he was appointed to make a survey of the geology of the state of Connecticut, a report of which was published in 1842,

characterized as "a work distinguished for its great learning and research, but which was defective in method and in distinctness of practical application." An anecdote is told of the poet here which we will repeat, as illustrating, in this connection, one phase of his character. It is from a public journal, and is as follows: "The law contemplating the survey, provided the geologist should receive his remuneration after he had made his report and it had been approved by the governor. Percival waited upon Governor Ellsworth with the report, and was very courteously received. The governor took the report and promised to give it his immediate attention, and when he had examined it, as the law required, would make the necessary requisition if it were satisfactory. Percival rolled up the report and withdrew. He insisted that neither the governor nor any one else was competent to pass upon the merits of his report, and he would not submit to the indignity. He was desperately in want of the money that the report would bring him, but he would not take it on such conditions. Some of his friends finally procured the report from him by an innocent stratagem, and it received of course the formal approbation of the governor, who admitted his incompetence to revise a geological work of Dr. Percival, but was too good an officer not to yield due obedience to the law."

Every man is rich according to what he is, not what he has.

Written For The Aurora.

ELLENS INHERITANCE.

BY JULIA SOUTHALL.

CHAPTER I.

The sky is changed, and such a change! Oh!
night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous
strong!

BYRON.

Lord Bryanstone looked from his window, out upon his island home, far across to the heaving waters of the troubled sea. His thoughts were not with the storm, which howled and shrieked around the building, shaking it to its strong foundations; for memory was busy.

A hand was laid upon his shoulder. Starting, he beheld Juniper, his aged servant, beside him, his dusky face ashy pale with fear.

"Massa, listen!" he said, pointing toward the sea.

Bryanstone rose and looked out. A wild, prolonged, agonized shriek came home upon the wing of the tempest. He listened. It came again, strong—shrill—despairing, and a vivid flash that lit up all the musky heavens, revealed a noble vessel, trembling upon the summit of a giant wave. Again that shriek of agony, and the next flash showed only a wide waste of yeasty waters.

"Juniper, call up all the men. A vessel is wrecked upon the coast. We may probably save some of the passengers."

The slave needed no second bidding and the whole party provided with lanterns, were soon on their way

to the beach. The flashing light of the lanterns, at first revealed nothing but the glittering sand-beach, and they were about to return, when a gigantic billow cast two bodies at Lord Bryanstone's feet.

One was a sailor-boy, apparently not more than thirteen years of age, who lay with his head thrown back, and a quantity of golden hair streamed loose upon the sand. His features bespoke him above his station. They were delicately regular, with a skin of alabaster whiteness, small, proud mouth, and wide, open forehead. He grasped with one arm a child of six or seven years, but there was no resemblance between the two. The little girl was dark, very dark, with full, pouting lips, and a wealth of luxuriant black hair which swept over her pale features, almost concealing them from view. Her richly fashioned garments, too, contrasted strongly with the boy's coarse apparel.

They raised them gently, and bore them to the house. The boy soon recovered by means of chafing and rubbing, but the girl continued insensible. The boy told Lord Bryanstone that he was cabin boy of the ship *Ocean Shell*, bound to Havana, and that his name was Maxmilian Morris.

"Who is the little girl you saved?" asked Bryanstone.

"I saved! Nay, you saved both of us, sir," replied the sailor boy. "I do not know her name, but she was quite playful and familiar with me on board, and I grew to love her. When the captain told us all was lost, her mother, a pale lady in black, who was very melancholy, placed her in my arms and bade me save her. I tried to do so, but had it not been for *you*, kind sir, we should both have perished."

"You are talking too much," said Bryanstone, kindly. "Rest yourself, now, and I will come again in the morning."

"Massa, de t'other chile is done come too," said a negress, who met him at the door."

"Ah! I will see her. What is that you have there?"

"Dis, Massa, am a gole ring dat she had tied to her neck, long o' dis here."

It was a small gold locket, attached to a faded blue riband, over which was slipped a plain gold ring. Lord Bryanstone took them carelessly, and opened the locket. Instantly his features blanched to ashy paleness, as he beheld two faces. One was a woman, beautiful and young, with erect and haughty head, adorned with thick bands of satiny brown hair, waving and rippling around the white brow and peach-bloom cheeks, and proud brilliant eyes of the same color as the hair lit up the fair face charmingly.

The other face was that of a man, dark, magnificently handsome, but with a look of such proud melancholy in the large black eyes.

Bryanstone hurried the locket into his bosom, and looked at the ring. It was perfectly plain, and of massive gold, with an inscription on the inside, *Harold to Ellen*.

"It is *she*!" he exclaimed, involuntarily, but noticing the curious looks of the old woman he passed quietly from the chamber. The storm still raged wildly without, and deafening peals of thunder joined with the loud throbbing of the sea to break the quiet of that lonely island. Many of the slaves had fled from their quarters and stood tremblingly in the hall.

"Juniper," said Bryanstone, advancing towards them, "Juniper, you will hereafter keep a light burning in the new light house on the South Beach. Two vessels are enough to be wrecked there."

"Two! why, Lord bless you, Massa, dar neber is been but one.—Dis is de fust."

"The second, and I hope the last," muttered Bryanstone, as he entered the chamber where lay the little girl. He bent over her, parting the black tresses tenderly from her brow. She wildly opened her large black eyes, but meeting the gentle gaze of her preserver she closed them immediately, clasping with her slender fingers the hand which held hers.

"The equinoctial gales are surely connected with my destiny," murmured Bryanstone. "Otelia, what is the day of the month?"

"The 15th of March," replied the slave.

He watched all that stormy night by the child, who slept long and sweetly.

CHAPTER II.

The Island Home.

The climate's delicate; the air most sweet
Fertile the Isle.

Maximilian Morris awoke much refreshed.

Hastily donning his cloths he approached the broad window and looked out upon the fair island on which he was so providentially cast. A wide terrace lay at his feet, and beyond it a gravelled walk wound gracefully away into the cool inviting depths of the forest. There were stately palms and ceiba trees, shading, with their luxuriant foliage the numerous paths that gleamed amid the mass of wild-flowers and long grasses. Magnolias, oranges, myrtles, lemons, mangoes, citrons, and every variety of tropical shrub tree adorned this ocean gem, while clustering masses of most beautiful and graceful parasitical plants climbed in flowery profusion from tree to tree, as if the whole forest had been decorated for a festal occasion. Green beds of ferns and cacti shaded and entirely hid the brown earth, while birds of sweetest notes and most brilliant plumage darted and warbled in the thick groves.

Far beyond, the sea rolled its graceful billow upon the shining sand beach, and Maximilian shuddered as he thought of the preceeding night. Everything was green and smiling after the storm. As he was gazing intently upon the beautiful scene Lord Bryanstone entered.

"Good morning!" he said smiling as he extended his hand. "A pleasant day, after so dark night. It is my breakfast hour, Maximilian. If

you are ready we will descend."

They proceeded together to Lord Bryanstone's breakfast table.

"Do you wish to return at once to your friends, Maximilian, or will you remain a while with me? I have a nice home, and am rather lonely at times."

"Alas! sir," replied the sailor boy, as tears filled his blue eyes. "I have no friends, and I started as cabin boy of the vessel which was wrecked upon your island, to try my fortune in the wide world. I am alone."

"So much the better," said Bryanstone. "Will you stay with me and be my son?"

"Sir!"

"I like you. When I mingled with the busy world it was my habit to watch men's features, which I grew to read easily. Yours bears the impress of truth, of nobleness. I am weary of my solitude, and if you will stay with me I will make you captain of my own little ship when you are of the proper age. Are you fond of the sea?"

"Passionately. Oh! sir, you are too kind."

"You will remain, then?"

"Remain? Yes, joyfully. But what will become of the little girl?"

"I have a better right to protect her than you imagine. She, like yourself, is alone in the world."

The boy looked at him wonderingly, but said nothing, and so it was decided. Time passed, Maximilian grew to be a tall handsome youth, and, through his benefactor's influence and generosity, a lieutenant in the Navy.

The little Ellen, as Bryanstone

called his other protege, grew tall and slender, like the white lilies she loved to tend, but with a strangely sensitive and melancholy nature, which became more marked day by day.

Her personal appearance was peculiarly beautiful. All her features were delicate and regular, but no vestige of color relieved the deep, pure olive of her skin. Her eyes were large, full, liquidly black, shaded by jetty lashes whose silken gloss drooped always over the soft, sad eyes. The oval brow was smooth, wide, and dark, and tresses black as ebony waned and rippled over her delicate temples, and fell in rich luxuriance to her waist.

So singularly sensitive was her nature that a look, a question, a gesture, a word, powerless to grieve others, caused the small mouth to quiver convulsively; the only sign of feeling that she ever betrayed.— Oftentimes her shrinking spirit was wounded when nothing of the sort was intended. Even "dear brother Max," as she called him, was often the cause of bitter tears; but this was never the case with Lord Bryanstone.

He observed this extreme sensitiveness and pride with deep pain, for he felt the slow but sure approach of the destroyer, consumption, and he feared that Ellen would soon be forced to leave her island home, so secluded and quiet, and mingle in busy scenes of life. His forebodings were but too true.

When Ellen had barely completed her twelfth year he was so weak and ill as to be compelled to keep his bed, and hourly he sunk lower.—

Maximilian hastened to the mainland and returned with the physician who was employed by Lord Bryanstone, whom he pronounced in a dying state. The sick man beckoned Maximilian to his bedside.

"Go again to the mainland, my son. Seek out Charles Livingston, a wealthy merchant of Charleston, and tell him Edward Bryanstone wishes to see him ere he dies. Bring a lawyer with you. Quick, Max.— I have not long to live."

"Shall I bring a minister also?" said Maximilian, gazing upon the wasted features of his benefactor.

"Yes," he replied, "bring a minister."

Maximilian hurried away upon his errand.

There was silence during the days and nights of his absence, in that stately dwelling. The servants glided noiselessly from room to room, stifling their sobs lest the sound should break the slumbers of the dying man. Ellen sat motionless by the bedside, the great tears dropping heavily over her pale cheeks; never stirring save to perform some labor of love for her dying friend.

Thus a week passed by, apparently bringing no change to the sick man, and near approach of death was seen only in the waxen hue of the skin, transparent in its paleness, the hectic flush upon the cheek, and the blue shadows settling about the lips and eyes. Then Maximilian returned.

"Oh! Max, tread softly," whispered Ellen, as he entered the chamber of death.

Bryanstone started up, his sunken eyes bright with feverish expectation.

"Have they come?" he demanded reaching out his thin pale hand to Maximilian.

"They are waiting in the parlor;" replied the youth.

"Bring Livingston hither! I must see him alone,"

Maximilian left the chamber, but

soon returned, accompanied by a man perhaps forty years old, with a handsome, well preserved form and face, and manners grave and dignified. He immediately approached at the motion of Bryanstone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE AURORA.

DORA CLIFTON, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY A VIRGINIA LADY.

CHAPTER III.

I did not know that my uncle had arrived, and the mentioning of his name by Fanny caused a new thrill of terror in my heart. I went to the window, opened it, and laid my head on the sill to ease the throbbing of my brain. All below was joy, music and merriment. Crowds of gaily dressed people stood on the lawn before the chapel door, and not one seemed to have a thought apart from enjoyment. I alone was wretched and cast down, and I hid my face in my hands and wept bitter tears as I reflected on the darkness of my own lot. I was aroused from my wretched mood by the return of Fanny; she came in softly this time, and sitting down by me, said in her sweet serious way, "I saw your uncle, Dora, he was in the parlor with a great many people. I asked him if you could go home with me, and he said yes if

you liked. Your aunt is there too, and Ellen is sitting at the piano playing and singing in one of her grandest moods. They are all very gay down there, and you must get right up now Dora, and go down there with me, that you must; so get up and prepare yourself."

"Oh, no, Fanny," I began, "I can't go—there, don't ask me, it would be such a triumph to Ellen and her friends, and besides, I have't a dress fitten to wear, my uncle never sent me a cent to get a dress with although he knew I needed one, and I must stay up here where I am, so let me alone Fanny and go down and enjoy yourself, don't bother about me, I don't mind staying here, it suits me."

Let you alone indeed laughed Fanny, jumping up, and dragging her trunk through the door, from the passage where the servant had placed

it, on her arrival,—let you alone indeed. I'll see about that—and unlocking the trunk, she took out two beautiful party dresses, saying as she shook out the heavy lace, now Miss Dora, I won't be denied, some good mother fairy put it into my head to bring two dresses instead of one, this tarlton will suit you exactly and you will look so sweet in it, with roses in your hair. Ellen won't be a circumstance to you, and won't she be surprised to see you, you shall go Dora, you must, and here comes Mrs. Raymond too, I know you can't disobey her. Mrs. Raymond had entered so noiselessly that I did not know she was in the room until she took her seat close to me. I looked up in her face as she took my hand, and pressed it affectionately, she looked troubled and my heart smote me for giving such dear friends pain, but how could I meet my enemies down stairs. I felt that it would be too much for my weak nerves—and laying my head on Mrs. Raymond's knee I said, don't urge me to go, and don't be troubled if I stay here it is better for me. "My dear girl" said she. "I would be the last person in the world to give you pain," but you must make an effort to go, it's not best for you to stay in your room after all this has happened. "Come get up and put on the sweet dress Fanny has brought you, and forget the cause of your distress, I shall be unhappy if you do not, and there Fanny is actually crying about you. I looked up and sure enough, Fanny was standing by the bed weeping silently, that was too much for me and started off resolving to go down let it cost what it would," "give me the dress Fanny I said, going towards her

with a new and strange energy, I have been weak, but I will be strong now," and I took the dress from the hand of Fanny and commenced fitting it on, while the dear girl fluttered around me in a perfect whirl of delight. There she said, when she had fastened the last hook, I told you you would look sweet in that tarlton. It fits you precisely, don't she look beautiful Mrs. Raymond? She continued turning to the kind body, who had been watching us with deep interest. "She looks very well, Fanny remarked Mrs. Raymond, and all that she needs now to complete her toilet is a happy face." Listen to me Dora, she continued, putting her arm around my waste. I fear you have not the spirit of forgiveness in your heart, and without it you can never be happy, hate kills all joy. Love your enemies bless them that curse you, and spitefully use you, it is a commandment of our Father which is in heaven, and none of his commandments are grievous, love your enemies and forgive them their trespasses, as you hope to be forgiven by him who lives above, and against whom you are sinning day by day.

"Yes I will try I said. I will try very hard to forgive, and forget all. And with new thought and feelings welling up from the depths of my heart I seated myself while Fanny wreathed fresh red roses in the curls of my dark hair." And now don't she "look a Queen" cried Fanny clapping her little white hands, when she had arranged the last flower and curl to her hearts wish, now you sit there dear and don't move a bit, while I fix up a little and then we'll

run down and see what they are all about in the parlor. In a few moments Fanny was ready—and with her arm around my waist we descended the steps, and entered the room together, a great many people were there, laughing and talking and flirting with all their might, and our entrance was not noticed, I was glad of it and was directing my steps towards a sofa in a quiet part of the room, when I encountered my aunt and uncle, in close conversation with Mr. Blake. Uncle Frank extended his hand and grasped mine earnestly, but my aunt regarded me only with a look of cold scorn. She did not speak, and I progressed on with the words of Mrs. Raymond ringing through my brain. I had hardly seated myself, before uncle Frank came to where I was, and after inquiring kindly about my health, asked me if it was my wish to go home with my friend Fanny. I told him “yes,” and he said “well I have no objections to you doing so, none whatever, but you must let me know when you get tired, then I will send for you. Your old uncle won’t be hard on such a young thing as you are for doing amiss; I don’t believe it could ever happen again.—” “Tho my young wife, she tries to make me believe it was harm in you, and she says you shant go back to our house, but i’ll see who is master there, for you are my sister’s child, Dora, and I’m bound to take care of you, bound to do it in spite of the women folks.”

My heart was moved towards my uncle as it had never been before, and I laid my hand on his arm, and

said softly, “don’t trouble yourself about me, dear uncle, I am not a little child now, and when I get tired of staying at Dr. Ashton’s, I shall try and find a home as governess somewhere, and I can make a living without being an expense to anybody.”

“Expense, fiddlestick,” growled my uncle, while I saw the shadow of a tear resting beneath his great brown lids as he looked at me earnestly. “You are a poor young thing to teach anybody; you shan’t teach, you are my sister’s child, and I’m bound to protect you, bound to do it, come what will.”

“I wouldn’t make a fool of myself;” snarled aunt Malinda, who came towards us at this point.—“Everybody can hear what you are saying, and I couldn’t disgrace myself so much as to sit there and talk to *that thing*.”

A retort sprung to my lips, and my face flushed with passion, but something whispered in my heart, “forgive your enemies,” and I said nothing. Aunt Malinda had heard the vile story of my disgrace from Ellen and her friends, and I could not plead my innocence. She evidently considered me a disgrace to her daughter, and I almost smiled at her astoishment when Fanny and Henry Ashton came to conduct me to another part of room. I heard her ask who they were, and I heard my uncle say “she is going home with them. They are rich and influential,” and then the words of my relatives were lost in the crowd. I had hardly got beyond hearing when I found myself face to face with Ellen and Kate Gibson. They seemed to

to be in high glee, but when they saw me their voices sunk to a low giggle, and contempt, hatred, wonder and scorn all mingled together in Ellen's glance. "I wonder where she got that dress from," said Ellen in an audible whisper, to one of her friends. "I don't know," was the answer; "but I don't believe she got it honestly, 'easy comes, easy goes,'" and the heartless girls laughed aloud at their own malice, I heard it all, and felt sick at heart, I glanced at Fanny and knew from the look of harm on her sweet face, that she too had heard it; our eyes met, and a smile pure as sunshine, stole over her face, as she turned away, making some cheerful remark, I looked up in Henry's face on whose arm I was leaning, to see if he had noticed the cruel words of the girls, but he had heard nothing, his smiles was quiet and happy, and his words fell on my ear like the music of a far off dream. I knew that he admired me, for we all learn to read eye language very early, and I was very proud and happy, as I promenaded the floor leaning on the arm of the handsomest and tallest man in the room.

"Ellen was evidently anxious to obtain an introduction to the graceful brother of Fanny, and she hung around her with wishful attention, but Fanny did not or would not understand her, and she was forced to content herself with the attentions of a young farmer in the neighborhood whom I knew she hated cordially."

"I did not see my uncle or aunt again that night, and at day dawn the next morning, the carriage drove up to the door of the Institute, and

soon Henry, Fanny, and I were on our way to "Violet-dell" the residence of Dr. Ashton."

"Oh! how I enjoyed that ride along the smoothe winding roads, over which the cool green leaves hung whispering in the southern breeze, every flower seemed to breath a note of joy, and my heart throbbed with new rapture at every warbling song, gushing from the hearts of the sweet summer birds that flitted around our way."

"Are you glad you are going home with me Dora? asked Fannie, drawing my hand in hers, and laying her little bright head on my shoulder."

"I know I am glad, and we'll have rare times I tell you, hunting flowers and catching butter flies, and riding ever so far from Violet dell."

"But I tell you Dora, she added in a lower tone, we mustn't let Buddie (she called Henry Buddie) catch us at any wild pranks he is so tame he would scold me all to pieces, he is right dull sometimes Buddie is, but he is so good, you can't help from loving him with all his grand solemn ways."

"Henry who had been looking out of the window for some time, turned at that moment and said, what were you saying Fanny, didn't you speak to me?"

"No drawled Fanny lazily, I was only telling Dora here, how cross you were sometimes, how you steal the nice novels that Bettie Smith loans me to read, and how you make me play properly all the days of my life. Dora he'll scold you out of your senses in a week's dealing, you don't know him yet, but wait and see."

I wondered if Fanny was quizzing me, and I looked up into Henry's fine face to see if there was really any traces of ill nature, but all was as calm there as a summer morn.

"O! you need not look at him now," laughed Dora, "but wait until we do something out of the usual way, and then you'll see a storm."

Henry turned his full dark eyes on me, and said, "that little sister of mine is a great rattle, but Miss Dora I hope you will teach her to be quiet and peaceable, while you are at Violet Dell."

I could hardly believe that the grave, noble-looking Harry was the same I had met a few months previous. I think I never saw one so perfectly pleasant, and yet I seldom heard a laugh from his handsome lips, and to think he had kissed me, that grave looking man. I was almost ready to cry with mortification then, but I tried to forget it as far as possible, and if Harry ever remembered it afterwards he never let me know it.

The sun was setting in all its splendor when we reached Violet Dell. It was a sweet spot, almost hidden from view by the leaves and vines that clustered around it, and the air was rich with the mingled perfumes of the bright flowers that swung gracefully in the air, as the soft south winds swept by. We were met at the door by Dr. Ashton, and I was welcomed to his home with a heartiness that made me feel quite at ease. Mrs. Ashton met me with a cordial kiss and we were soon sitting around the supper table

laughing and chatting as if we had known each other for years.

"This is comfortable," said Dr. Ashton looking round on the happy group smiling, "very comfortable to have my children at home again, and you little quiet Miss Dora, I am very glad to have you here, for I do believe Fanny could not live peaceably without you, she was always pining for you while she was away from school, and I had a great mind to send her back as sick as I was."

"Now, papa," laughed Fanny, "I wasn't so bad as that, but I did want to see Dora so much before commencement, I thought July never would come, but its here at last, and so is Dora, and I am just as happy as I can be."

"Wouldn't a certain somebody with dark eyes and hair and the sweetest smile in the world make you a little happier, little sis," said Henry slyly, glancing at the joyous girl by his side. "I have a letter from him, which came while I was absent and says I may look for him sometime next week, you had better set your cap high or little Dora will cut you out and then what will you do?"—A crimson flush passed over Fanny's face and a glad light shone in her soft eyes, but in a moment she was laughing and talking as lightly as ever.

"P'shaw, Buddie," she replied, "I wonder if you think I care anything about that piece of solemnity, why he looks as serious as you do sometimes, and Dora," she continued, "would you believe it, he is as tall as the gate post, and Buddie thinks I like him, such a bad old fellow as he is," and she pulled his ear until

he was forced to beg to be released, and telling me to follow her, she ran laughing out of the room, sending back a glad good night when she was half way up stairs. "That brother of mine is a tease sure enough," sighed Fanny as we entered our sleeping room, just to think how he treats me about that Nathan Blackwood, he likes him so much himself that he thinks everybody else in all creation is in love with him, he'll fancy you are in love with him too, mind what I say Dora; to tell you the truth, Dora," she continued as she smoothed out her long hair thoughtfully, "I don't like to be teased about that man, I don't think I like him; he was Henry's friend at college and he comes down here right often. I don't think he likes me, for he never says a word to me, nor I to him, if he would be a little more pleasant I would like him, and what is funnier than all, Buddie thinks he is the most agreeable fellow in the world and I think him the most disagreeable man I ever saw, and Buddie thinks I like him, that's curious," and she twined and untwined her long shining curls around her finger with a thoughtfulness that I had never before seen on her sweet face.

"You know I don't understand anything about such matters," I said with a yawn. "I dare say I shall know by and by. I'm afraid if matters go on so you'll be in love with that same Mr. Blackwood in little or no time, and if you don't make haste and get ready to put the candle out I'll agree with Henry, and say you are in love with that pet harrow you have been telling me about."

P'shaw, and hush Dora was all

I heard in reply from Fanny, and I laid my head on the soft white pillow and closed my eyes, leaving her sitting up thinking her own sweet thoughts while I wandered off in the land of beautiful dreams.

The winds breathed softly through the flower wreathed windows when I opened my sleepy eyes next morning. Fanny was already up, and I heard the sound of the piano below, accompanied by two voices which I knew to be Fannie's and her brothers. It was a sweet song they were singing, and as I lay there listening to the sweet melody, my thoughts were too happy for utterance, and a wild wish sprung up in my head, that through life I might ever hear those sweet voices and have no other to sing to me in the hour of death.

"It's time to get up Miss Dory," cried a cheerful little voice close to my side, "it's time to get up; Marster and Mas's Henry and Miss Fanny done eatin long ago; Miss Fanny wouldn't let me wake you up canse she say you so sleepy, so I let you lone'dat time, next time I gwine tickle your feet and make you git up dats de way I has to make Miss Fanny git up sometimes, she hates it mightily, but Mises says its best for her to git up soon and she's a great doctor you know."

"Yes I know," I said, as I crawled out of bed, "but you ought to have waked me anyhow before breakfast; I don't like to put any one to trouble."

"La! dats nothin Miss Dora.— Mistress she's in the dining room now and jest as soon as you get fixed you can come down dar, and it wont be a bit of trouble. I'll run down

and get everything ready time you come." And the little maid hastened out of the room, leaving me to dress myself quietly, which I much preferred doing. With the quick habits I had acquired at the Institute, I was soon ready for breakfast and I ran down half ashamed of my laziness. I found Mrs. Ashton in the dining room still, as the little maid, Diley, had informed me, she gave me a smiling good morning, and when I apologised for sleeping so late, she said: "she knew I was tired and would not have me awakened on that account," but added, "I wish you and Fanny both to get up soon, you look pale and early rising will bring the roses to your little white cheeks."

I promised her I would be up by times in the morning, and after partaking of the delicate breakfast Diley had set before me, Mrs. Ashton led the way to the parlor, where I found Fanny and Henry still practicing. They left off as we entered, and Fanny left the piano and ran over to me, saying with a comical expression of face that made me laugh aloud.

"Will you believe me Dora, Buddie is making me practice a song to sing for Nathan Blackwood when he comes; he says he likes it above all things; I can't bear it and I know I can't learn it well enough to sing it before Nathan, he is such a critic.— Oh! I do wish Buddie would not make me sing for him. Dora please try and learn it first."

"What is it? I asked glancing up at Henry, who was still standing at the Piano turning over the leaves of the music book, as if perfectly unconscious of my presence.

"Good morning, Dora," he said coming forward and taking my hand with a cordial smile. "I am trying to persuade little sis to learn one of my favorite songs, but she seems to have no taste for it. The song itself is very sweet and the melody truly enchanting, perhaps you can assist us. I am very anxious to learn it perfectly. My friend Nathan Blackwood admires it exceedingly."

"I took the music book from his hand, and found it to be one of my own favorites, which I had been practicing lately, and I sat down at the piano and sung it with perfect composure.

"Oh! aint that delicious," cried Fanny, clapping her little hands in a perfect glee of happiness. "Dora, you darling, when did you find time at school to learn that song so perfectly, how well you play, don't she play sweetly Buddie? And the little light headed creature almost smothered me with kisses. There that will do, Fanny that will do. I must hear Dora sing that sweet song again, it is absolutely glorions. And as I began the song while his rich sweet voice accompanied mine, I never realized the grandness of mine before,—I was astonished at my own compass of voice—and I never knew that my touch was so exquisite until then. Henry's admiration was expressed rather in looks than words, and after that, we spent our mornings and evenings at the Piano, and to me the hours flew by like lightning, and the world which had been dark to me so long grew suddenly full of flowers and balm and sunshine, and no thought of the past or the future cast

a shadow over the deep pure happiness of that bright present.

I had been at "Violet Dell" nearly two weeks, when Nathan Blackwood was announced, and notwithstanding Fanny's assertion to the contrary, she was delighted at his coming. In appearance, he resembled Henry very

much, they were both handsome and intellectual, and perfectly devoted to each other, and every heart at Violet Dell, was ready to say with the Poet, "how lightly falls the foot of time that only treads on flowers."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Aurora.

Letter to Young Ladies.

NUMBER XVI.

My dear Girls:—I thank you for your assurances that my letters are kindly received, and that you do not regard as wasted the time you spend in perusing them.

At the suggestion of one of your number, who says she has seen enough to convince her of the necessity of urging this subject frequently upon the attention of the young, I will write to you this morning, about self-government. Surely you will need no argument to persuade you of its importance. It is the key stone of character, without which there can be neither beauty, symmetry, nor usefulness. Without the power of self-government, you will be as reeds shaken by the wind, wholly unfit to fulfil your high and holy mission as women. One of the first

and most important offices of self-government, is to control the thoughts. We are too ready to suppose that if our external conduct is correct, it is of comparatively little consequence what are the secret operations of the mind. Because the work-shop of the soul, where thoughts are wrought, and fancies shaped is concealed from the gaze of our fellow mortals, we are wont to imagine that we need not be very particular as to what is going on there. But this is a great and fatal error. The feelings have their origin in the secret thoughts, and thought and feeling together constitute our moral character in the sight of God. If these are impure and unholy, we must be odious in his sight, and nothing but successfully acting the hypocrite can

prevent us from being odious in the sight of our fellow creatures. Remember God holds you just as responsible for the secret indulgence of evil thoughts, as he would if those thoughts were embodied in words and actions. He looks upon the heart, and gives no credit for that virtue which is merely the result of policy and external restraint. Wayland says "let no one flatter himself that he is innocent, if he indulge in secret thoughts which he would blush to avow before men, or fear to unveil before God," and a greater than Wayland has said "keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

The duty of properly controlling your thoughts, is one of the most difficult you are called on to perform in this world, but if you succeed in this it will be comparatively easy for you to discharge every other. The thought and feelings are the fountain from which the external conduct flows, and if the fountain be pure the streams cannot be otherwise. But if the thoughts and feelings be corrupt, even the most wakeful and ever vigilant hypocrisy can afford us security for a continued course of correct external action.

Self-control should also be specially exercised in reference to the control of the passions. If you allow the passion of anger to gain the mastery over you, you can have no independence, and no true dignity of character. You are at the mercy of every wind that blows. You put it in the power of the most insignificant individual or the most trifling circumstance, to throw you off your balance, destroy your happiness, and

cause you to make yourself ridiculous. No where in the wide world do we find a more pitiable object than the person who is the victim and the slave of his own passions. Well did Solomon say, "he that ruleth his own spirit is mightier than he that taketh a city." If you have naturally a hasty temper and would acquire the power to control it, I would advise you, when you first begin to feel the rising emotion of anger to compress your lips tightly, and suffer not a word to pass through them 'till the angry feeling has all passed away.

Perhaps some may tell you it is best to give free vent to your thoughts and feelings on such occasions—that the tempest which blows most violently will soonest subside into a calm. But this is a great mistake. By giving expression to angry feelings, you will render them more intense and in most cases, you will provoke retorts, that will more than double the provocation you have already received. When this is not the case, you may, by your unguarded words, inflict wounds deep and lasting, upon the heart of some friend, for whom in calmer moments you would have done or suffered anything.

Away back in the days of childhood, while rummaging in my Grand Fathers Library, I found an old book of songs, which afforded a rare treat to my childish fancy. Seeing how much I was delighted with the book, my Grand Father made me a present of it, and for several months it was my constant companion, at the end of which time it was found to be either strayed stolen or

missing, and from that day to this I have never seen any of its contents in print, though many of them are still treasured in memory.

I should like to quote one of the songs right here, to illustrate the value of silence under irritated feeling, if I could recall the words, but as I cannot, I will tell the story as well as I am able, in plain prose. A very beautiful lady, who had been married some two or three years, happening to meet her old family physician, who had been from childhood her confidential friend and adviser, complained to him that she was very unhappy in married life, that her husband quarrelled with her continually, and peace was a stranger under their roof. The old man replied that he could afford her immediate relief. It would never do for her to suffer in that way. He had in his possession a mineral water which was a sovereign remedy for domestic discord. He would send her a bottle with directions for using, as soon as he returned home. In due time the bottle came, and with it the direction to observe her husband closely, and whenever she perceived him to be in the slightest degree out of humor, to hasten, before uttering a word, and fill her mouth with this water and hold it there, till he became perfectly pleasant, when she was to swallow it, and then proceed as if nothing happened. Not long after she had deposited the bottle in a dark corner of her closet her husband entered the room with a defiant manner, as if he had prepared himself for a tempest. She hastened to do as the doctor directed, and then sat meek and quiet, making no reply to

the belligerent words of her husband. Presently his tone changed and he approached her with a smile, wondering what had happened to transform his tigress into a lamb. She smiled in return, swallowed the water, and enjoyed the most agreeable interview with her husband she had had since the honey moon was over. She was delighted with the first experiment, and determined to carry out the doctor's perscription faithfully. Her husband soon became very attentive and very affectionate, and her home was a little paradise, while the wonderful water lasted, but after a while the contents of the bottle were exhausted, and then her troubles returned. She wrote to her physician for a fresh supply, but he replied to her, that the water from her own spring would answer just as well provided she would hold it in her mouth so as to keep her tongue still whenever any cause of irritation occurred.

Can't some of you girls who write poetry do this little story up into a song, and send it to the Aurora? I wish you would try. But whether you do this or not, I hope will learn for your own benefit the value of silence under provocation.

If you will impose this rule on yourselves, to utter not a word while you are excited, you will probably have to pause but a moment before reason will assert her supremacy, and you can then speak with composure and dignity. But if you give way to anger, you put it out of your power to control your words and actions, while at the same time you are held accountable for them both by God and man.

The course I here recommend will exert the happiest influence upon yourselves, and will also do more than anything else, to disarm others of a spirit of provocation, and thus secure you from insults and injuries; for you will always find that the individual who is the most calm and patient in the reception of injuries is the very one who has the fewest injuries to endure.

The limits of this letter will not permit me to refer to all the points at which self-government should be exercised. You must station a vigilant sentinel at every watch tower of your heart, if you would escape from the dominion of unhallowed thoughts

and tempers. But this cannot be done without the influence of practical christianity, by which the thoughts and feelings are disciplined to flow in a proper channel, and the appetites and passions subjected to the sway of reason and conscience. As well might you attempt to allay, by a word, the raging of the elements when they are wrought up to the fury of a tempest, as to think of controlling the turbulent elements of your own nature and preserving a calm sunshine within your own hearts, without the aid of religion.

Your very affectionate friend,

EUGENIA.

A WELL-ORDERED FAMILY.

—o—

I once spent a week in one of these well-ordered families: it was a great punishment to me; I hope, also, in some degree, to my entertainers. The iron rule of that house was "a place for everything and everything in its place." I was'nt. The disgrace my somewhat vagrant habits led me into there was dreadful. The very first morning I opened *Paterfamilias's* newspaper, which was always laid in one particular spot upon the breakfast table, never to be violated by any hand but his. Their

I stood, with my back to the fire, conning the outspread sheets, and nodding a cheerful good morning to my host when he entered. I had the hardihood even to read to him (out of his own paper!) the last Indian dispatch—very politely, as I thought—and to request his assistance to decipher the possible place intended by a dozen letters which the telegraph clerk appeared to have selected at random. To do him justice, he bore this inroad on his rights with tolerable outward composure; but I was

formally made aware, on the first opportunity, by Mrs. P., of the outrage I had committed, and made to feel as uncomfortable as I deserved. Then I left my handkerchief on the drawing room floor, one glove on the library table, another in the governess's parasol (which certainly was not the place for it, and how it got there I have no conception,) and was formally presented with each article separately, and an account of its discovery in the presence of the whole family assembled for dinner. One day the whole household was under strict cross-examination as to who had come in the drawing-room with dirty shoes. I was the culprit of course, but I was too great a coward to confess; besides, the lady knew perfectly well who it was, but was polite enough to entertain the fiction that such conduct was impossible in any well-bred person: it must have been one of the children or the housemaids, of course; and the whole investigation was intended for my solemn warning and improvement, just as they used to whip a little boy vicariously to strike terror into little misbehaving princes.

Then the terrible punctuality which made slaves of all of us, and kept me always looking at my watch, always afraid of being late for something, as indeed I was once for dinner, in spite of all precautions—four minutes and a half exactly. Shall I ever forget it? If they only had had the charity to sit down quietly without me—if they had put me off with no soup, cold fish, and the last ragged cut of mutton—if they had sent me to bed without any dinner at all, as once happened to me when I was a little boy—or in-

flicted upon me any other reasonable or humane form of punishment: but no; there they were all waiting for me in the drawing room, all standing up, the door set wide open, and the head of the family opening fire upon me at once, before I was well inside, with, "Now, Mr. —, will you take in Mrs. P.?" Of course, I hampered and stammered over an apology—"quite unintentional," and so forth. "Oh, of course they knew it must be quite unintentional; only," in the semi-whisper—"Mr. P. did not like waiting for his dinner."

There was an abominable child, too, in that family, the very incarnation of premature method and order. All the other children had redeeming points of carelessness and destructiveness about them; and we soon established a sort of freemasonry among ourselves as fellow culprits, trying to keep each other out of scrapes as much as possible; they conveying to me private warnings as to how soon the prayer-bell would ring in the morning, and in how many minutes the carriage would be at the door, and furnishing me with much valuable secret intelligence as to the enemy's weak points, and the interpretation of the laws of the Medes and Persians, to whom I was in captivity; and I finding substitutes for impounded pencils, mending a broken Cupid who carried the wax matches in his quiver, brushing the boys' clothes after birds,-nesting, "before mamma saw them," and actually cutting up the ribbon of my eye-glass into shoe-ties for one young lady who was generally in trouble on that score. But as to the imp I speak of, he was irreproachable. If I left the door open,

he got up and shut it, not quietly, you understand, but officiously and reproachfully. If I took down a volume from its shelf, and it left my hand for one moment, if he could get at it, it was up in its place again before I knew what had become of it. I took courage one cold morning there being no one but he and I in the room, to stir the fire, and put the poker, when I had done with it, under the grate. (which I take to be the natural place for the poker), when up jumps this well-behaved little

monster, and arranges it by rule and measure where he has been told it ought to be. I take credit to myself for very great forbearance—he and I being alone—that I checked an inclination to punch his head with it. Is it excusable in any rational beings to put themselves under such a life-long penance as this and to bring up their children, and force the unhappy stranger whom they get within their gates, to do likewise?—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

For the Aurora.

The Sun to Memmon's Lyre.

Your voice so sweet, so plaintive, and so tender,
Your song, O! Lyre, of hopeless loving born,
Rose o'er the hill-tops, o'er the clouds, and met me,
As I swung back the golden gates of morn.

In lonely grandeur, through the far off spaces,
Silent as death, I take my shining way,
While wearied planets crumble in their places
And, cross my path the wayward comets stray.

The mighty music of the "many waters"
Doth greet me ever as I climb the sky,
But the pale moon lists to the feeling anthem,
Sung loud and clear as if the sun were by.

Age after age, with tireless feet I journey,
Like a crowned King, among the shining stars;
They speak no word, they only veil their torches,
And hide themselves behind the azure bars.

Thou, only thou, in all God's great creation,
 Hast sent to me, words breathed in such a tone,
 Oh! Memmon's Lyre, how great thy aspiration,
 To love the day king on his dazzling throne!

I cannot fall, I am so high above thee,
 My life will measure all the years of time;
 And thou art weak, sweet minstrel on the mountain,
 O'er the "high clouds" thou canst not hope to "climb."

Between us twain through all the long forever,
 Will airy oceans roll their boundless tides,
 And thy earth home, and my world circling orbit,
 Great heights and depths and changeless laws divide.

'Tis well, 'tis well, love maketh all things mighty,
 And though I may not pause thy song to hear,
 Yet will I not despise thy sad, sweet singing,
 Which floateth up from earth's low atmosphere.

And when I go some far off sky to brighten,
 And leave thee dumb with grief, O! Memmon's Lyre,
 In tireless echos, ever more repeated,
 Thy song shall vibrate through my heart of fire.

Sing on, sing on, thy song shall not be wasted,
 Though one by one break every quivering string,
 'Till all are mute, be this thy great rewarding,
 That thou hast never loved a meaner thing.

NELLY M. HUNTINGTON.

For the Aurora.

MY SCHOOL DAYS.

O! how pleasant is retrospection, true, that we never grasp pleasure,
 when I take up the bright side of the picture. How strange, but yet how while it is within reaching distance,
 picture. How strange, but yet how but always seem to prefer waiting un-

til it has grown too high for us. I have been to many schools, but like all other "school girls," never realized how smoothly my golden moments were gliding away until now.

Why, and why is it, that young women do not avail themselves of their opportunities as they could? Echo answers why? Why is it that the daughters of wealthy parents, who have all the sources of knowledge open to them, are so glad when their boarding school days are over? Is it not a remarkable fact that wealthy ladies are seldom truly intelligent; they never think that knowledge is the "tree of life," and that the more knowledge they obtain, the more of the tree they see: they always think of their position, and wealth. A rich lady can nearly always reign a *belle*. When we are selecting society's brightest *gems*, we very seldom select the most intellectual, but the richest. Young ladies of wealth, while at school generally learn how to perform on different instruments, a few fashionable sentences in different languages, *read* over a few books, receive their diplomas—and then come out as young ladies. And when they look back to those books that were read, 'tis like "looking through a glass darkly;" this is why there are so many more artificial ladies, than wise and natural ones. If our interior women correspond with exterior, truly sorry am I for the wives that are being educated for our sons. Oh! mothers beware and raise your daughters for the sphere which they were made to adorn. O! young women believe me when I say that your minds are superior to

your bodies; it is this that shines, not your gaudy and fine apparel. One may be compared to an earth'y casket, the other to an immortal gem. No exterior can make up in the sight of God, and a sensible man, for internal uncultivation. God did not intend that our intellects should lie dormant, but certainly intended that they should be cultivated. You may be surrounded with all the gorgeousness and splendor of life, and the grandeur of a Queen, and then be hallow hearted, and unfit for the sphere which God intended you to adorn. Remember that you will have to become wives and mothers, and how can you benefit a family or a society, without education? Then, and not 'till then, will you look back, on those school-days with a heart felt sigh. I plead for your superior minds; they are capable of expansion. Your minds will not die when your bodies are food for worms, but will still live. Like Sheba's Queen let no object deter you from wisdom, but strive to store your intellect with imperishable knowledge, seek it as a treasure that is hidden. O! be a true and wise woman, be one of nature's ornaments

How true that there lies "a talisman in intellect which yields celestial music, when the master's hand touches it cunningly."

Mothers stop, ask yourself this question: are you educating your daughters correctly? I think not! Remember you are to give an account to God for the way in which you have educated, have managed that child. The most of our daughters are educated to be wholly dependant on man; (I am not a "woman's rights

woman," and believe that they should be dependent to some degree,) but they should be so educated that if they were left *alone*, they could support themselves. Such a woman in the present age is a *rara avis*. Reader your writer has been along there, yes I have had every opportunity, every source from which I could derive knowledge, but I knew my position, and cared for naught else. What I now warn you against, I speak from experience.

Woman should be educated to make man happy. God made her as a help meet for man, then she should be educated as one. Can she be one if she has no "home education?"

Let them be educated so as to make home happy. O! be the firm, noble, true hearted, and high minded *woman* that God intended you to be. Go not beyond your sphere in so doing, for thou knowest that thou wilt not be forgiven, let man do any thing no matter how degrading, *he* will be forgiven, but let *woman* depart from strict propriety, and the finger of scorn will be forever pointed at her. I truly hope that the "coming woman" will truthfully adorn her sphere to a greater extent than the present, and that there will be more true women, and fewer artificial ones.

EMMA D. E. F.

For the Aurora.

AN INCIDENT.

BY A. L. F.

Whiling away the hours of a late journey by conversation with a conductor, the following incident was related by him, and as it made quite an impression on me, I have given it for the favorable consideration of your readers.

Beneath the rough exterior of the Rail-Road man, there often beats a heart, warm and true; influenced, it is true by surroundings not the best yet in the bearded, greasy, hard fist-ed Locomotive Engineer you sometimes find a man possessing qualities

that would adorn him in any position.

The hero of this short narrative, is well known among men of his business, and always spoken of highly.

He is stoutly built, with a face neither finely formed, nor handsome, except his eye, which is large and expressive, seeming almost always twinkling with the joke he has on hand. Much of his disposition beams from his countenance evincing good nature, love of ease, of fun, in fact, amusement generally. Yet beneath

all this, there is an under current of firmness and courage, which appear upon the proper occasion. Put him at his post and the latter traits show themselves. Laying aside his fun he devotes his entire attention and mind, to his duty, keeps his gaze fastened on the track, never talks, obeys signals quickly, and acts rapidly and quietly in time of danger.

Such men as he (and they are not rare,) seem always to feel the great responsibility resting upon them, and also a constant anxiety when on duty, which years of experience can not wholly remove.

On a glorious day in summer George F—was running a heavy train on the R. R. By various detentions he had fallen behind time, and was driving at tremendous speed endeavoring to make it up, when on rounding a curve, he discovered on the straight line a short distance ahead, a man lying at full length on the track.

To shut off steam, and blow the whistle for breaks, was the work of an instant.

Rapidly the train rolled on seeming to slacken speed very

slowly, for when such a large body has so much momentum, a commensurate force is necessary to stop it.

See the distance diminishing—now we can distinguish the man's dress,—our breath comes thick and fast,—in a few seconds he will awake from his drunken slumber to the "drear unknown," as he lies motionless, not heeding the loud and frequent blasts of the whistle. Still we approach—the engineer reverses his engine—quick as thought, springs to the door in the front of his little house, passes through it, out on the side of the boiler, down to the bumper, thence to the cow-catcher and stands out on the edge of it, where within a few feet of the poor fellow, George leaps from his position, runs forward like lightning, seizes him with no light grasp, and when the engine is just upon them, throws the rescued man in the ditch, casts a glance to see if the tumble had any effect, catches the step as the train moves slowly on, mounts to his place, whistles off brakes and calmly resumes his duty, after having performed a feat that every man would be proud of, and which evinces the trust of heroism.

Written expressly for the Aurora.

Miss Ettie's Story.

THE NEGRO INSURRECTION IN VIRGINIA.

BY MATILDA.

Miss Ettie had been unusually silent all day, as if some great unspoken sorrow was pressing on her spirits, and more than once I saw tears stealing softly down her pale thin cheek, as she sat in her old arm chair, gazing steadily at her knitting, as if oblivious of everything around her.

At length the purple shades of twilight gathered around our home, and Miss Ettie folded her knitting up, took off her spectacles, saying it was "blind man's holiday." And then we gathered around her to hear some of the many stories with which her mind was stored, and which she loved to tell us.

"Now give us a nice story, Miss Ettie," we asked, as we took our seats close to her, on the floor, looking up into her dear face with love and veneration. "Tell us a nice story and we won't move or make the least noise," and we snuggled up to each other, breathing very softly, lest we should disturb Miss Ettie in the recital of her story, which we knew would be a sad one, from the gloom that was resting on our friends face. Miss Ettie looked at us silently for a moment, folded and unfolded her hands with an air of restlessness, then clasping them together tightly as if to steady her trembling nerves,

said, with a tone of calmness. "Well children, I will tell you a story of my own life now, it is a real one and one which I have never told before, and probably will never tell again in this world, it has been many years since it happened, but everything is as fresh in my mind as if it had happened yesterday. You have all heard about the insurrection in South Hampton, Virginia; it was an awful tragedy, and I feel terrified now while I speak of it.

"I was but eighteen at the time of the terrible event. My father was an extensive farmer and owned a great many slaves, and up to the time of the insurrection they were as humble and quiet as it was possible for servants to be, no one dreamed of the blow until it came, and while the families on the various plantations slept peaceably in their beds, they were hurried without a moments warning into the presence of the great eternal. Well, I have told you, I was young then, and I had many lovers, for I was rich and they called me beautiful, but I did not care for any of my lovers, excepting Walter Gray. He was the son of a neighboring farmer, rich and handsome, and he loved me devotedly; suffice it to say that we were engaged and we could hardly live when apart

from each other, he was my idol, and all the world seemed blank without him. I cared for nothing, thought of nothing but my Walter, and the day was fast approaching when I would be his own dear bride, leaning on his strong heart forever, never more to be parted from him in the world.— Oh! we were so happy then, but alas! instead of my bridal veil, I wore the garment of mourning, and suddenly all the joy of my young heart went out in utter darkness and I was left alone in the wide world.

It was about three weeks before our intended marriage, Walter had been spending the day with me, and we were both very gay. Charley, my only brother, seemed to partake of our happiness to its fullest extent, and I shall never forget the look of joy with which he regarded us that evening, as we stood together in the porch breathing our soft farewell to each other. I stood there until I saw him mount his horse and ride off, how handsome he looked then with his tall graceful figure and dark waving hair. I leant against the pillar and watched him till he was out of sight in the dim distance. I was still leaning against the pillar, thinking O, such happy thoughts, when Charley came up softly behind me and putting his arm around my waist, said in his deep solemn way with his gaze turned in the direction which Walter had taken. "You love him very much Ettie, too much I'm afraid for your own peace, suppose he should be taken from you, what then?" I looked at Charlie and tried to laugh but his words had sent a thrill of terror to my heart that I

could not banish. I shuddered, and the tears sprang to my eyes in spite of myself, which made Charley laugh, and calling me a silly puss, he drew me towards the dining room saying he was hungry and tired and wanted some supper. My mother and father were both in the dining room when we entered, and O! how plainly do I see those dear faces now, gathered around that last supper. They were all cheerful. My mother spoke of Walter, and asked me when I expected to see him again. I almost started at the question, but recovering myself, I laughed and answered as gaily as I could; O! he will be here soon again, I don't know exactly when. She looked at me and smiled, saying "I suppose so, he is very devoted, you have made a good choice my darling and I am glad of it; but why don't you eat something Ettie, you have hardly tasted your tea; are you sick; what is the matter." Only a head-ache," I said trying to look cheerful, and finding my efforts in vain, I took the candle and retired to my room. I found Jennie the house maid there busily engaged in getting out my night clothes, while a warm, bright fire blazed on the clean swept hearth. "You here Jennie," I said as I put my candle down on the table; "it is very early but I feel so badly I think will lie down and try to sleep, my heart aches." I looked at Jennie as I said this, she was standing by the fire turning and turning my dressing gown with a restlessness quite unusual to her. "Poor Miss Ettie," she said, as she commenced unhooking my dress, "It's mighty sorry you

ain't so well to-night, mighty sorry you looks pale, dats true, poor thin don't you want somethin to take, poor thing." "Never mind Jennie," I said, smiling at her great sympathy. "I'm not sick much, a good nap will cure me, so you may go down now, I don't need you any longer. And I laid down, hoping that sleep would indeed quiet my strangely disturbed nerves. I closed my eyes but I could not sleep, and hearing a slight noise near my bed, I turned and saw Jennie, sitting not far off watching me as a mother would watch a child. "O! Jennie," I said almost impatiently, "why don't you go—go down, ther is no use in your staying here now, you had better go, I think I can sleep better when you are gone and besides you told me Wester would be here to night." "So he will Miss Ettie," she answered quickly, "but I aint gwine down here dis night, I knows dat. I don't care how much de children cry in de kitchen I aint gwine thar, I'm gwine stay here and take care of you, I am. I don't need you Jennie I presisted. Ah! child she sighed giving me a curious look, you don't want Jennie now but you'll want her before morning, I knows dat, you go to sleep now and I'll set here a little while longer. I aint sleepy now not a bit, and I aint gwine to sleep dats more. I was amazed, and surprised at Jennie's manner. I could not understand her, so I let her have her own way, and closed my eyes without saying another word to her, and was soon fast asleep. I knew not how long I slept, but was awakened by Jennie whispering close to my ear, "Wake

up Miss Ettie, I say wake up—now's your time, de niggers is all ris, and is killen all de white folks all about; but me and Wester gwine to save you, Miss Ettie, we is, aldo its mighty hard to do; all de niggers is so bound togedder if dey was to find it out dey'd kill us in a minute, dat dey would."

"What do you mean Jennie," I said, for I did not comprehend her; "tell me what is the matter."

Jennie shook me with all her might, and repeated what she had first told me, adding, "yon ain't got to make a bit of noise, not a mite, and when you hear a peck at de window open it in a minute and git out, de ladder is dare already, I put it dare fore dark—don't stop a minute, but go right down, and Wester will be dare to take you and run away wid you to your uncle Blunts,—de niggers dare is all going for de white folks, so Wester says—if you value your life don't speak Miss Ettie, don't,"—she put her arms around me, pressed me convulsively to her heart and was gone. The door closed after her—I heard the key turn in the lock, and I was alone in the darkness. I sprang up and ran to the door, just as I opened my mouth to call Jennie, I was stunned with three simultaneous screams, followed by a sobbing, scuffling noise, which shook the whole house for a moment, and all was still—and I heard footsteps in the passage, and a hand grasped the handle of my door. I was in a persperation of agony. I knew they were murdering those dearer to me than life, and but for the thoughtful care of poor

Jennie, I would have rushed out and met my fate. Again, shrieks and groans more terrible than the first, rent the midnight air,—fainter and fainter they grew, and all was quiet. Just then I heard the faintest possible tap on the window pane, and like one in a dream I tottered towards it, and raising the window lightly as I had been directed, I crept out as quietly as I could, and crawled down the ladder. When I was near the ground I saw a dark figure stealing behind the shrubbery, and just as my feet touched the last round on the ladder, I was snatched up by a pair of powerful arms, and I heard the voice of Webster, saying in a whisper, “dis is me, Miss Etty, I’m gwine to save you if it costs me my life, dat I is. Dem niggers is devils now, all of em; dey’s done kill most everybody but you. Your pa and ma and mass Charley all is gone, and dey’ll be arter you in a minute or so—but I’s got you and gone.”

[Concluded in our next.]

For the Aurora.

The Camp-Meeting Song.

October’s day was at its height,
And shining with his radiant light.
Sweet Phœbus threw his beams full bright,
Upon the woodland scenery.

I saw fair lines of tents arrayed,
Beneath the forest’s lonely shade;
And knew that here all undismayed,
Encamped, Messiah’s chivalry.

No armor flashed to hurt the eye,
No Banner shone against the sky;
With full effulgent folds on high,
Sure signs of War’s dread empery.

My ear caught up no trumpet note,
Nor heard the dying echoes float
From fife and drum, and bugle note,
Attesting war’s proximity.

But sweeter sounds than these there came,
Than ever followed martial train;
A thousand voices swelled the strain,
In full delightful melody.

Brave men stood there in manhood's prime,
And age lent too its faltering chime :
While woman's silver voice kept time;
First in that lovely harmony.

They sang not of the warrior brave,
Who'd sent his millions to the grave ;
But of that King who died to save
The sons of lost humanity.

I listened to that glorious song,
And as its echoes swept along,
Thought mortal strain could ne'er prolong
Such soul-inspiring symphony.

It seemed as if the Harpers fair,
That dwell above the upper air,
Had come below that scene to share
Beneath the sylvan canopy.

Where now are those that swelled that strain;
Gone many, from this land of pain,
To join above the loud acclaim
Of Heaven's holy minstrelsy.

But still that song doth linger yet,
In sweet and pleasing retrospect ;
And will till life's last sun shall set
Upon my earthly memory.

Then may I hear that song again,
Swell sweetly o'er the heavenly plain ;
And I join in the loud amen,
Amid that blissful company.

* In justice to ourselves and the author, we republish the above, with several corrections, which were overlooked in our last.—PUB.

For the Aurora.

The Laughing Philosopher.

BY INDA.

In ancient days when Philosophers were plenty, and rode every hobby-horse imaginable, there was one who took to laughing, come what would, he would laugh,—if it was clear he laughed—if it rained he laughed—if he was well he laughed—if sick he laughed, he laughed in prosperity, and he laughed in adversity, in fact under all circumstances he laughed and kept on laughing; and he was a sensible man too. Laughing is of great benefit, it shakes the cobwebs out of the brain—shakes up the various organs 'till they work faster—shakes the wrinkles out of the face—in fact is a general shaker up and renewer of mind and body.

I acknowledge he must have looked foolish laugh—laughing at every thing that happened,—but what difference did that make? A Philosopher—what did *he* care for the sneers of the rabble? Surely it was better to laugh than to cry, for of all the foolish things in this foolish world, booing is the most foolish! There's no use in crying over spilt milk—surely there is none in crying before the milk is spilt—so there's no use in crying at all! I should like to know—even if laughing does make people look silly, pray does crying make them look any better? The most strait laced Puritan, who ever

made blue laws against the heinous sin of laughing could not say so.

"They say" the surest way to win ones heart is to let them see you cry, this may be so, since "pity is akin to love," but for my part, I don't see how, if a person don't admire bright eyes he can possibly fancy red ones, but there's no accounting for tastes, *chacun a son gout*. It may be very beautiful and interesting in a novel, to have the dear persecuted heroine always bursting into tears—drowned in a flood of tears, the pearly drops rolling over cheeks with the peach's tint &c, but in actual life—in every day, bread and butter, flesh and blood *girls*, methinks there are but few who would not prefer bright shining eyes and merry ringing laughs. Crying may be very fanciful and romantic and all that, but as for me—give me a good hearty jovial laugh, not these delicate little "He! He! Hes!" such pretty little simpers as are in fashion now,—but really genuine Ha! Ha! Has! that come from the very soul.

One reason why there are so many feeble delicate good-for-nothing women at the present day, is because they never laugh. "But they do laugh!" I beg your pardon they don't—they smile sometimes, Oh! such beautiful heavenly smiles! Simper often, now and then give a genteel giggle, but as for one enliven-

ing, heart-felt, sideshaking laugh—why my dear sir, they know nothing at all about it! The very thought of it shocks their sensitive nerves and as for doing such a thing, preposterous! The fashion does not allow it, they would be disgraced forever. Mrs Grundy wouldn't recover from her fit of pious horror for three months. Such a thing is not to be thought of! Poor weak slaves of the tyrant fashion. They had rather suffer for the want of a good hearty laugh—nature's own tonic, the soother of nerves, the invigorator of muscle and the strengthener of the brain than excite the ire of puissant Mrs. Grundy! Well be it so—let us leave them in their lazy dignity—let them go on down to their graves with enfeebled bodies and clouded intellects—but let us—who dare laugh, who are not too lazy—laugh to our heart's content, let us take for our motto "laugh and grow fat"—let us preach it—let us proclaim it in smiling faces and careless happy hearts and merry words,—there's much truth in that "laugh and grow fat"—we all know that the good natured open-hearted laugh grows hale hearty and *fat*—you never find one who indulges in heart-felt side-shaking laughter, lean, dyspeptic, scrawny, and cross.—No! Those in whom the milk of human kindness has soured into vinegar, never laugh, their smiles are like lightning playing round an iceberg which thaws not. The genial heart-warming laugh is *never* theirs.

I have always admired as a sensible man that Prof. who called his

students into the recitation room, told them they had been looking too sober lately, it never would do in the world—they would soon be sick at that rate, it was necessary that they should laugh—he would set the example and they must follow it, then sat down and guffawed—in a minute had them all roaring! I'll wager the lessons were fifty per cent better for a week afterwards just from the effect of that laugh.

A man's laugh is an index to his character, and one that rarely proves wrong. The villain plotting dark deeds neath a cloak of hypocrisy never laughs heartily, you are not cheered and refreshed by hearing it—rather does it cause a feeling of uneasiness and undefinable fear.

I believe in laughing—in long laughs—in free and unrestrained laughs, I love to hear the woods ring with the gay music.

Above all things I detest these living automatons—these flesh and blood works—these grave self-righteous individuals who will not laugh for fear of compromising their dignity. You can see them every where with their long unbending starched faces where the very wrinkles—if they happen to be old enough—have respected their awful greatness and arranged themselves mathematically and systematically in angles, and triangles, casting a shade over the spirits of those around them, mere moving icebergs. And then at public speaking, Lectures Reviews &c, if any thing amusing is said while others roar how condescendingly they smile sometimes! How patronisingly they deign to look on the speaker! Dear me! How honored

he ought to feel! How very careful they are not to compromise their dignity! How immeasurably laughter is below them to be sure! Don't they know that however dignified they may look an *owl* can look more so? Whereas *man* is the only animal that can *laugh*!

But I would not have you laugh always—there are times when sorrow and sadness, when sober thoughts and mental disquietude shut out from the gayest face the sunshine that usually dances and sparkles over it. And it is well that it is so—man needs the refining fire of affliction and that he may profit by it he *must* feel it, and he cannot laugh when the dark clouds are gathering over his mental horizon—driving mirth and gladness from his soul—draping the heavens in sack cloth—hiding the star of hope—showing in their black darkness nothing of the silver lining beyond—ah no! he cannot laugh then—something more or less than a man must he be who could then turn an unmelted heart to the rod and laugh the Chastener to scorn.

And there are other times when I would not have you laugh. If you go to an examination, Review or Debate &c, and a slight mistake is made in recitation, speaking, composition or music—if a girl happens to speak of her class-mates as *co-leagues* or tells of *permatute* efforts don't *laugh*—don't turn your head and wink, "I told you so," to your next neighbor—remember the old fashioned rule, "Do as you would be done by" and however much you

may believe in laughing—don't—let me beseech you, don't laugh then.

This old Philosopher is said to have laughed at the vices and follies of mankind, and in this he evinced his good sense—to laugh was the best thing he could possibly do, had he cried at every thing he heard as Heroclitus did, I fancy he would have soon found his eyes "fountains of water," his own pleasure would have been destroyed, and they benefited in nothing. Had he said anything they would have told him to mind his own business, so he simply laughed and drew his own conclusions. It would be a good thing if this rule should be adopted in this age of gossips and tattlers, if whenever we hear any of the foibles of our associates, we laugh and pass on—much slander would be cut off in this way—many reputations saved—much ill-feeling prevented—and we injured as to nothing.

Then school mates let us all laugh—laugh heartily—laugh frequently—laugh if we know our lessons—laugh if we don't—laugh if we break down at any thing—laugh if we succeed—in fact, under all circumstances *laugh*, and above all things *don't cry*.

But there is one powerful argument *ad girlem* left. Not only does laughter improve ones looks—by shaking the wrinkles out of the face and brightening the eyes—for every one admires far more, eyes sparkling in fun than swimming in tears, but laughing is also one of the influences by which woman rules the world in generally and man in particular, witness the song, after say-

ng that a tear will generally conquer man, it goes on

But should there be so strange a wight

As not to be moved by a tear,

Though much astonished at the sight

We will still have nothing to fear.

Then let them boast themselves awhile
Upon their fancied sway,

For as long as a woman's possess of a smile

Their power will vanish away.

Mente Vincimus et Vincimus now.

EATON FEMALE COLLEGE.

For the Aurora.

Advice to the Girls.

Fair ladies I pray,

When you smilingly say,

That your name you'll exchange for another;

Let each if she can,

Get a sober young man,

Or be pleased still to dwell with her mother.

The most of young men

Who quaff off their dram,

And love its delightful sweet flavor;

Though detestable rakes,

Will swear for your sakes

They intend soon to change their behavior.

But when the dear day,

Has far flown away,

And with Hymen's strong chain they have bound you;

Their promises fair,

Will oft vanish in air,

And the worst of excesses confound you.

Then chose a young man,

Despising the dram,

One who reads Mrs. Eaton's "Aurora,"

And he'll deal not in strife,

But be kind to his wife,

And prove a most faithful adorer.

Now take my advice,

Young Ladies so nice,

If you wish not to brawl and to quarrel;

Beware then I pray,

And I once again say,

Of him whose love dwells in the barrel.

For the Aurora.

Lines.

Inscribed to Dr. Wm Reber and Lady, Brandon Miss.

Bless the tender flowers that grow
In your peaceful dwelling,
With their bright and youthful glow
Life's dull cares dispelling.

May your lovely "Angel band"
Guarded be for ever,
By a kind and watchful hand
Through life's wintry weather.

May fair virtue's graceful charm
Cast its influence round them,
Shielding them with potent arm
From ills that fain would wound them.

May misfortune's chilling blast
Never here befall them,
Nor gloomy troubles gathering fast
In life's dark vale appal them.

Spotless shine their moral worth
Through life's varying story,
Till the joys and cares of earth
Are changed for heaven's glory.

Editor's Port-Folio.

The reply of the Sun to Memmon's Lyre, contained in our present issue, ought to have appeared in the June No. as it was written in reply to the address of Memmon's Lyre to the Sun, published in May. The gentleman to whose hands the lines were entrusted by the fair author omitted to hand them to us in time for the last No.

All our readers are doubtless familiar with the tradition of the famous Lyre in ancient Egypt, called Memmon's Lyre, which was said to discourse sweet music every morning at sunrise, though touched by no mortal hand. Regularly as the day God approached, the chords began to vibrate, as if swept by angel fingers, and pour forth strains of the most delicious melody, though mute at all other times. To perpetuate the memory of this wonderful Lyre, the ancients transferred it to the skies, and one of the most beautiful constellations in the Heavens is now called by its name. The authorship of the address to the Sun is not known. The lines were floating in the memory of a friend who was kind enough to transcribe them for our pages. There is true poetic beauty both in the address, and in the reply. The latter should be read in

connection with the former in order to be fully appreciated.

Some of our subscribers expressed, and doubtless many others felt, disappointment in not finding a continuation of Dora Clifton in the last No. The reason is, our publisher got into a little bit of a hurry, over the June No. and brought it out somewhat earlier than was anticipated, consequently the manuscript for Dora Clifton was received a little too late for publication. It is continued in the present No.

"Have you read the book I gave you?" asked a lady visitor of a little girl, some seven or eight years old. She replied that she had not, and as the lady looked somewhat surprised, the mother said by way of explanation. "I have not yet had time to read the book myself, and I always prefer reading first what ever is placed in the hands of my child." This mother imposed on herself a task greater than most mothers would be willing to undertake. Was she wise or unwise for so doing? The child had an active and enquiring mind, was very fond of reading, and it required no small amount of men-

tal aliment to satisfy the cravings of her expanding intellect. To read before her, every thing that she was allowed to read, must have been no trifling tax upon the time of the mother, since she was specially anxious that the mind of her child, should have just as much healthy food as its growth and development required. It is altogether probable that she could not while doing this, find time to embroider as much as her neighbor over the way. But which was the more important to array the person of her child in embroidery, or to examine carefully the seed sown in its mind and heart, from which the future harvest of character and conduct must spring? The husbandman must know, both the nature of the soil and the kind of seed committed its keeping, or he can with no certainty calculate upon the future harvest. Sometimes a single idea, lodged in the mind of a child, will give coloring to his whole future life.

We had a striking illustration of this fact a few days ago in the confession of a young lady. She said until she was eight years of age, she had always been considered by her parents and others a remarkably good child, and she was called the little saint among her companions. About this time, she read the biographies of several remarkably good children, who died very young, and the impression fixed itself upon her mind, that all very good children die early. She began to be alarmed. She had always tried to be good and obedient, and was so considered by her friends, and if she continued in this course she could not expect to

live much longer. Death seemed to her very terrible. She had a strong desire to live, and when she saw no other alternative but to be a naughty girl, or go to an early grave, she chose the former. Hence, under the influence of this idea, she became self-willed, disobedient and reckless, to an extent wholly unknown to her before. The change in her conduct was observed and lamented by her friends, but none knew the cause until in after years she confessed it. "And," she added, in conclusion, "what I might have been, had I never read those books, or drawn from them that idea, it is impossible to tell, though one thing is certain, from that day to this I have been called, and justly too, a hard case." She verily believed, at the time that by being disobedient and troublesome she was adding to the length of her days; and though a more extended acquaintance with facts in the world's history, has convinced her that very good children do sometimes live to be very useful, respectable and happy men and women, and that very bad children are often removed by the hand of death yet consequences, connected with this one impression, will doubtless follow her through the remainder of her mortal life, and indeed through her whole future existence. We would by no means intimate that biographies of the early dead are necessarily, or generally injurious, but there can be no doubt they did in point of fact, injure this child, and had the mother read the books first, and could she have been so well acquainted with the structure of the child's mind as to foresee the

impression likely to be produced, the injury could have been prevented.

We once knew a lady, somewhat advanced in life, remarkable for her excentricities. She told us, that in childhood, she read somewhere, this sentence, "Get to yourself the name of an oddity, and you will seat yourself in an easy chair for life." This sentiment, she said fixed itself in her memory, and made her what she was. She studied to be odd, and what was at first affected, became natural by habit. She was however, a standing monument of the falsity of the sentiment, for her path through life, was far from being a smooth one.

Would that all who write for the young, or in any other manner make impressions on their susceptible minds and hearts, could realize the responsibility they incur. But since they do not, it becomes mothers to be exceedingly watchful. If a mother suspected that a disaffected servant was seeking an opportunity to put poison in the food of her family, how great would be her alarm. How carefully would she inspect every dish that was set before them! But poison in the food that nourishes their bodies would be a calamity less to be dreaded than the infusion of moral poison into the aliment that should strengthen and sustain the growth of their immortal spirits.

The Catalogue of Eaton Female College shows an attendance of one hundred and one pupils during the

year now closing. The attendance at the University was two hundred and thirty-eight. We have not seen a Catalogue of Soule Female College. The examinations in all these schools are spoken of as being highly satisfactory and creditable to all concerned. The graduating class in the University consisted of sixteen, and compares favorably in point of talent with the best classes that have preceded it in former years. The exercises on commencement day were of a deeply interesting character; but alas!

"We saw not here

ALL those whom we saw in the vanished year."

One seat was vacant, and that vacancy caused sadness to many hearts

To the Students of Union University.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN:

On the evening previous to your Commencement, I received at the hands of Mr. Moreland, your invaluable gift, the excellent portrait of my late lamented husband. As no opportunity occurred for acknowledging its reception, until after you were widely scattered, you will permit me to express to you in this manner, the sincere acknowledgements of a grateful heart. This present of yours, young gentlemen, is of more value to me than diamonds or rubies, or any of the most costly gems of earth, bearing as it does, the lineaments of one who was dearer to me than my own life, but whose face I shall see no

more, till we recognize each other at the judgment. In gazing upon it I shall often exclaim from the depths of a full heart

"O! that those lips had language, life has
past
With me so sadly, since I saw thee last."

The value of this portrait is enhanced in my estimation by being received as a present from you, as it is now an evidence of your respect and affection for the departed, and a token of kindly feeling towards his bereaved family. I should do injustice to my own feelings, were I to omit in this connection, to refer to the kindness received at your hands, during that most trying period, the long and painful illness that preceded

the departure of our loved one. Such attentions as were shown him by you could only have been prompted by the most sincere and ardent affection. You did much, very much, to alleviate his sufferings and smooth his pathway to the tomb. These attentions were highly appreciated by him, and by me they will never cease to be remembered with gratitude till the last hour of my life. That you may all be as good, as wise, as useful, and as happy, as it was his earnest desire and prayer that you might become, is the best wish I can now offer, in return for all your kindness to me and mine.

Very sincerely and affectionately,

Yours, E. M. EATON.

Book Notices.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.—How did we get it? Mrs. C. S. PENDLETON.

This interesting little work designed for Sunday Schools, is comprised in two volumes of some hundred pages each. We have read it with satisfaction, and feel that the author has performed a valuable service for the young in making this contribution to our Sabbath School literature. It contains much information respecting the struggles and persecutions of those who first attempted to place the Bible in the hands of the common people, in a language they could read and understand, which will be new to a great portion of our Sunday school scholars, and even to many of their teachers. We think the perusal of this work well calculated to impress the minds of the young with the inestimable

value of the word of God, and inspire them with a feeling of gratitude for the privilege of reading it in their native tongue. The ease with which a knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures can now be obtained, tends in too many cases to beget indifference to its acquisition. Such a work as this, therefore, is greatly needed to make us acquainted with the sacrifices and sufferings endured by others to purchase for us the privilege of reading God's Word, that we may be convinced of our own folly and guilt if we are neglectful of its sacred pages, and remain voluntarily ignorant of its Heavenly teachings. The author acknowledges her indebtedness to Mrs. Conant's work, entitled "Popular English Bible Translation," from which many of her facts are drawn, and she earnestly commends this work to the attention of her readers.

GROVER & BAKER'S



CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

NEW STYLES—Prices from \$50 to \$125. Extra charge of \$5 for Hemmers.

This Machine sews from two spools, as purchased from the store, requiring no re-winding of thread. It hems, fills, gathers, and stitches in a superior style, finishing each seam by its own operation, without recourse to the hand-needle, as is required by other machines. It will do better and cheaper sewing than a seamstress can, even if she works for one cent an hour.

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171 Baltimore St., Baltimore.
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Washington, D. C.
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"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years' trial, have no fault to find."—*J. H. Hammond, Senator of South Carolina.*

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public."—*J. G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee.*

"I think it by far the best patent in use. This Machine can be adapted from the finest cambric to the heaviest cassimere. It sews stronger, faster, and more beautifully than one can imagine. If mine could not be replaced, money could not buy it."—*Mrs. J. G. Brown, Nashville, Tenn.*

"It is speedy, very neat, and durable in its work; is easily understood and kept in repair. I earnestly recommend this Machine to all my acquaintances and others."—*Mrs. M. A. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.*

"We find this Machine to work to our satisfaction, and with pleasure recommend it to the public, as we believe the Grover & Baker to be the best Sewing Machine in use."—*Deary Brothers, Alton, Tenn.*

"If used exclusively for family purposes, with ordinary care, I will wager they will last one 'three score years and ten,' and never get out of fix."—*John Erskine, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I have had your Machine for several weeks, and am perfectly satisfied that the work it does is the best and most beautiful that ever was made."—*Maggie Ainsion, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I use my Machine upon coats, dressmaking, and fine linen stitching, and the work is admirable—far better than the best hand-sewing, or any other machine I have ever seen."—*Lucy B. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I find the work the strongest and most beautiful I have ever seen, made either by hand or machine, and regard the Grover & Baker Machine as one of the greatest blessings to our sex."—*Mrs. Taylor, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I have one of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines in use in my family, and find it invaluable. I can confidently recommend it to all persons in want of a machine."—*G. T. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I would be unwilling to dispose of my Grover & Baker Machine for a large amount, could I not replace it again at pleasure."—*Mrs. H. G. Scovel, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I take pleasure in certifying to the utility of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines. I have used one on almost every description of work for months, and find it much stronger and better in every respect than work done by hand."—*Mrs. D. W. Wheeler, Nashville, Tenn.*

"Our two Machines, purchased from you, do the work of twenty young ladies. We with pleasure recommend the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine to be the best in use."—*N. Stillman & Co., Memphis, Tenn.*

"The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine works admirably. I think the stitch and work far superior to that of any Sewing Machine I ever saw. On fine work, I think the Machine would be hard to beat."—*W. J. Davis, Memphis, Tenn.*

"I find the Machine easily managed, very durable, and take pleasure in recommending it to all who wish convenience, economy, and pleasure."—*Mrs. F. Titus, Memphis, Tenn.*

"The Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have given such satisfaction that we cheerfully recommend them to all who wish a good and substantial Sewing Machine. It executes work with much care and speed, and more finely than any other machine I have seen."—*Mrs. R. B. Mitchell, Memphis, Tenn.*

"I am happy to give my testimony in favor of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, and of the perfect satisfaction it gives in every respect. It sews neatly, and is by no means complicated, and I prefer it to all others I have seen."—*Mrs. Bryan, wife of Rev. A. M. Bryan, Memphis, Tenn.*

"It affords me much pleasure to say, that the Machine works well; and I do not hesitate to recommend it as possessing all the advantages you claim for it. My wife is very much pleased with it, and we take pleasure in certifying to this effect."—*R. C. Brinkley, Memphis, Tenn.*

"It gives me pleasure to find the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine giving so much satisfaction. I have it in constant use, and find it all that could be desired. It is the most simple and durable machine in use, and I heartily recommend it."—*F. M. White, Memphis, Tenn.*

"Having seen, examined, and used many other kinds of Sewing Machines, I feel free to say that the Grover & Baker Machines are far superior to all others in use."—*M. Francois Seltz, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I consider my Sewing Machine invaluable, and would not take five times its cost, if I could not supply its place. With it I can do all my family sewing in about one-fourth the time I could with my hand."—*M. J. Scott, Nashville, Tenn.*

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

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FAMILY



SEWING MACHINES

OPINIONS OF THE AMERICAN PRESS

Superior to all others.

It requires no respooling.

The favorite for family use,

The best for family use.

Are superior to all others.

A most admirable invention.

It sews every thing.

It fastens its own end.

Very superior—will not rip.

Grover & Baker's is the best

The best gift to woman.

The best in the market

It is in itself a host.

Purchase a Grover & Baker.

Has no superior.

[N. Y. Mercury

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[Nashville News

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[Ohio Farmer

[Middleton Press

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[N. Y. Tribune

[N. Y. Independent

[Home Journal

[American Baptist

[Phren. Jour

[Am. Monthly

[Ladie's Wreath

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[N. Y. Dispatch

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[N. A. Messenger

[Virgennes Citizen

[Dover Enquirer

[Machias Union

[Family Circle

[National Magazine

[N. Y. Observer

[Moth Mag

[Haverhill Gazette

[New Orleans Picayune

[New Orleans Delta

[Washington Union

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[Bost. S. E. Gazette

[Phil. City Item

[Wool Grover

[Newton Segister

[American Missionary

[Boston Adv

[Flushing Times

[Kingston Republican

[St. Johnsbury Caledonian

[Taunton Gazette

[Nashville Gazette

[Hasard's Gaz

[Ploughman

[Hunt. Journal

[Westchester Jeffersonian

[Poughkeepsie

[Cin. Dispat

To all of which The Tribune says Amen.

It is all that it claims to be.

It finishes its own work; others do not.

We give it the preference.

It needs only to be seen to be appreciated.

Adapted for woolen, linen or cotton.

We like Grover & Baker's best.

Grover & Baker's is the best.

Which is best? Grover & Baker's.

It sews strongly and does not rip.

Works more completely than any other.

Is not liable to get out of repair.

Is adapted to all home requirements.

A very pretty piece of furniture.

Its great merit is in its peculiar stitch.

We attest its simplicity and durability.

Well adapted to all kinds of family sewing

The most blessed invention of modern times

Sews silk or cotton from ordinary spools

They are enjoying universal favor

Superior to any now manufactured

Will do more work than a dozen hands

There can be no competition with them

We give preference to Grover & Baker's

They require no adjusting of machinery

Is easier kept in order than any other

Every home should have a Grover & Baker

We highly appreciate their value

Grover & Baker's are superior to any others

Grover & Baker's machine is easily managed

A perpetual source of joy to the home circle

This machine is the finest of its kind

The inventor deserves well of his country

Possesses more advantages than any other

All articles are made with it with ease

Lightens the labors of those at home

Grover & Baker's have the best improvements

Not liable to get out of order

Will give better satisfaction than any other

We know it to be a superior article

ALL MEDICINES SHOULD BE PREPARED BY A PHYSICIAN
DR. SWAYNE'S CELEBRATED FAMILY MEDICINES.

Entirely Vegetable, and free from all Injurious Ingredients.

These medicines are prepared with great care, and expressly for Family use, and are the result of many years extensive practice in Philadelphia, by Dr. SWAYNE. There is scarcely a town or hamlet in the United States, in which they have not been used with the *most happy result*. A single trial will place them beyond the reach of competition, in the estimation of every patient.

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Liver Complaint, Tickling or Rising Sensation in the Throat, Nervous Debility, Weakness of Voice, Palpitation or Disease of the Heart, Pains in the Side or Breast, Broken Constitution from various causes, the Abuse of Calomel, Bronchitis. Whooping Cough, Croup, Scrofula, (or King's Evil,) and Consumption in its incipient and confirmed stages.

CURE FOLLOWS CURE!!

DR. SWAYNE:—Dear Sir—Believing your *Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry* to be the very best remedy extant, and desiring all may know and test its virtues, I offer my experience. I was taken with a violent cough, difficult expectoration, short breath, &c. This continued until my health and strength seemed entirely gone. Our village physician declared my complaint Consumption and incurable. I was recommended to try your Syrup, which has performed a perfect cure. My health is now very good; have not been affected with the affection since. Yours, with respect,

MRS. JOSEPH LYNN.

Middleburg, Carrol Co., Md., Dec. 22. 1858.

I not only take pleasure, but deem it a duty I owe to suffering humanity, to state what *Doctor Swayne's compound Syrup of Wild Cherry* has done for me. I was taken with a violent cough, bloody expectoration, great difficulty of breathing, so that I had to get out of my bed and set up all night. I procured the above valuable medicines of Harman Titus, Bensalem, who can also testify that it has made a perfect cure.

JOHN W. PAGE.

Bensalem, Bucks Co., Pa., May 15, 1857.

Dr. M. Emanuel, Vicksburg, Miss., Says of *Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry*: I esteem it highly, and recommend it to my customers in preference to all other similar preparation. "*Swayne's Wild cherry*" cured Thomas Dixon Point of Rocks, Md., of confirmed Consumption; over five years have elapsed and he is still a hearty man at this date, March, 1858.

CAUTION!—Let it be remembered that this is the first preparation of *Wild Cherry* for Coughs, Colds, Consumptions &c., that was ever prepared in this country, and perhaps the only one prepared by a regular physician—although there are the names of popular Physicians attached to Wild Cherry preparations, who had nothing to do with their Compounding. probably never had, but more with the view to give popularity, and by that advance sales to the unsuspecting or unthinking. Always inquire particularly for DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY the original and only genuine "cherry" preparation.

AHEAD OF ALL OTHER PILLS! DR. SWAYNE'S SUGAR-COATED SARSAPARILLA & EXTRACT OF TAR PILLS.

A mild and gentle Cathartic; unsurpassed by any medicine. Unlike other Pills, these neither gripe nor produce nausea.

DR. SWAYNE'S BOWEL CORDIAL.—A pleasant and sure remedy for Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, &c. It cures griping or nausea at once. Try it; only 25 cts.

DR. SWAYNE'S BITTER CATHOLICON. A VALUABLE BITTERS.

For Dyspepsia and Indigestion, in all its forms, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, &c., it is the best preparation in use—only 50 cents.

DR. SWAYNE'S VERMIFUGE, OR WORM KILLER. A sure worm Killer—an excellent tonic—good for delicate and sickly children—pleasant to the taste. None genuine except in *Square* bottles.

DR. SWAYNE'S FLUID EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.

Highly concentrated—for Blood Purifying, Scrofula, &c., &c.

These Standard remedies prepared only by DR. H. SWAYNE & SON Philadelphia
Sold by J. Mc. DERMOTT MURFREESBORO TENN. WM. ROSE Marietta Geo. Dr.
MORRIS EMANUEL Vicksburg Miss. J. WRIGHT & Co New Orleans La, and
other stable dealers in medicines Everywhere.

DR. BARNES' CAMPHORATED EXTRACT OF GINGER.

Warranted not to contain opium in any form.

This remedy is a speedy and certain cure of Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Cramp Colic, Dysentery, and Cholera in their worst forms; and for Nausea, Nervous Debility, and Flatulency, Dysepssia and Sickheadache, it has no superior. Sea-sickness is at once cured by using this Remedy; no one need be troubled with this disagreeable sensation on the roughest sea or in the stormiest weather.

During the prevalence of the Cholera, in the summer of 1849 several thousand bottles of this invaluable remedy were used, and in no instance did it fail of giving immediate relief and effecting a complete cure. It relieves in a few minutes the most painful attack of Cramp Colic. Persons during the excessive heat of summer frequently suffer an unpleasant sensation of fulness after eating, and drinking much cold water: half a teaspoonful of this Extract will relieve them instantly.

The Proprietor of this Remedy would beg leave to say that it is not a new one, just sprung into existence, but that it was used as a curative of Cholera upwards of twenty years ago, and is prepared from a prescription of a celebrated physician, now deceased, and is highly recommended by physicians and others, as the most popular medicine in existence.

Nervous tremors, the result of excess in drinking, it at once allays. It has been truly said by many physicians that it is the most valuable remedy of the day. To the aged and infirm it has proved a great comfort, to the inebriate wishing to reform it will be invaluable, by gently stimulating and giving tone to the stomach, creating a healthy in place of a morbid appetite, and strength to overcome temptation. It has been used with the happiest effect in cases bordering on delirium tremens. This remedy has cured hundreds of cases of chronic affection of the stomach; it may be used at all times with the most perfect safety and success.

Every family and every railroad-train and steamboat should keep it on hand. No traveller should be without it: one dose may be the means of saving much suffering, and even life itself.

This Remedy, unlike all others of its kind, does not constipate the bowels. Those whose bowels are daily evacuated will find, although it may require two or three doses to effect a cure, that the subsequent evacuation will be perfectly natural: its effects are merely to allay pain and to cause the stomach to healthfully digest its food. The Proprietors boldly assert that it has been used by more than two hundred thousand persons, and never once has it constipated the bowels.

Owners of horses should never be without this Remedy. Should a horse be attacked with Colic, mix half the contents of a bottle with half a teacupful of molasses in a bottle, shake it well, and add a pint of hot water, mix it thoroughly and give it as a drench as warm as it can be taken; if the animal is not relieved in ten minutes the dose may be repeated. Two doses have never been known to fail in curing the worst attacks.

When a horse is overheated and perspiration ceases, or should he have had too much water or too much food and he is on the verge of being foundering. It has been used in hundreds of cases and always with success.

This Remedy has been used by the conductors on railroads between Washington and New York for several years past,

DR. BARNES' BREAST SALVE.

This invaluable Salve has been successfully used in Rheumatic affections of the Breast. Spread the Salve on a piece of linen or cotton cloth and apply it to the Breast. In a very short time the pain and soreness will be removed.

In ague of the breast, where the milk has become caked and hard, if a plaster of this Salve be applied at once, it will remove all pain and hardness, overcome the soreness, cause the milk to flow without difficulty, and prevent the Breasts suppurating.

Should the Breasts have gathered and suppurated before this Salve could be obtained, a few applications as before directed will remove all inflammation and pain and cause them speedily to heal: in no instance has it been known to fail. Mothers should always be provided with it; one box of it would save much suffering, as in Ague of the breast one application is generally sufficient to remove all difficulty.

The Proprietors of BARNES' BREAST SALVE are so well convinced of its efficacy in preventing Breasts from suppurating, or curing them after suppurating, that they will return the money in any case where it fails to give relief.

Prepared and Sold at 333 Chesnut Street Philadelphia.